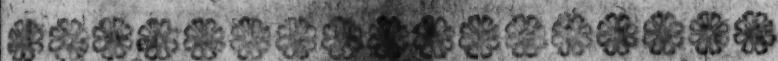


11/6/21. 6. 6
11
Three Excellent



NEW SONGS

I. The DUKE of GORDON'S
three DAUGHTERS.

II. The SHEPHERD'S Complaint,

III. JOHN UPROAR'S CHANT.



Entered according to Order.

11
The Duke of Gordon's three Daughters

THe D. of Gordon had three daughters
Elisabeth, Margaret & Jean; (done)
They would not stay in bonny castle Gordon
but they went to bonny Aberdeen.

They had not been in bonny Aberdeen
a twelvemonth and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with captain Ogilvie
and away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
in the chamber where he lay,
How lady Jean fell in love with a captain
and from him she would not stay.

Go saddle to me the black horse, he cry'd
my servant shall ride on the grey;
And I will go to bonny Aberdeen,
forthwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen
a mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters,
but away was lady Jean,

O where is your sister, maidens?
where is your sister now?

O where is your sister, maidens?
that she's not waking with you?

O pardon us honoured father,
 O pardon us, they did say;
 Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,
 and from him she will not stay.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,
 and down upon the green,
 There did he see captain Ogilvie,
 a training up his men.

O woe be to thee, captain Ogilvie,
 and an ill death thou shalt die,
 For taking to thee my daughter,
 high hanged shalt thou be.

Duke of Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
 and he sent it to the King, (gilvie,
 To cause him hang the brave captain O-
 if e'er he caus'd hang any man.

No, I will not hang captain Ogilvie,
 for any offence that I see;
 But I'll cause him to put off the scarlet,
 and put on a single liv'ry.

Now word came to captain Ogilvie,
 in the chamber where he lay;
 To strip off the gold-lace and scarlet,
 and put on the single liv'ry.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
 this pennance I'll take wi':
 If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
 all this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married,
 not a year but only three,
 Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
 and another upon her knee.

O but I'm weary, weary wandering,
 O but my fortune is bad;
 It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter,
 to follow a soldier lad.

O hold thy tongue bonny Jeany Gordon,
 O hold thy tongue my lamb;
 For once I was a noble captain,
 now for thy sake a single man.

O high is the hills and the mountains,
 cold was the frost and the snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
 no farther cou'd she go.

O if I were in the glens of Foudlen,
 where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny Castle Gordon,
 without either stockings or shoon.

O hold your tongue bonny Jeany Gordon
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.

When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 and coming over the green,
 The Porter cried out with a cry,
 yonder comes our lady Jean.

You are welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,
 you are dearly welcome to me;
 Thou art welcome dear Jeany Gordon,
 but away with your Ogilvie.

Now over the seas went the captain,
 as a soldier under command;
 But a messenger soon followed after,
 which caused a countermand.

Come home now pretty captain Ogilvie,
 to enjoy your brother's land;
 Come home now pretty captain Ogilvie,
 you're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean, says the captain?
 where's my brother's children three?
 O they are all dead and buried,
 the lands they are ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
 and let's be jovial and free,
 I'll go home and have my estate,
 and then my dear Jeany I'll see.

He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 and then at the gate stood he:
 The porter cry'd out with a loud shout,
 here comes the captain Ogilvie.

You're welcome pretty captain Ogilvie,
 your fortune's advanced I hear;
 No stranger can come to my gates,
 that I do love so dear,

Sir, the last time I was at your gate,
 you would not let me in:
 I am come for my wife and children,
 no friendship else I claim.

Then she came tripping down the stair,
 with the tear into her eye;
 One babe she had at ev'ry foot,
 another upon her knee.

You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,
 you are dearly welcome to me,
 You're welcome bonny Jeany Gordon,
 countess of Northumberland to be.

Now the captain came off with his lady,
 but, and his sweet babes three;
 Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
 tho' th' great duke o' Gordon you be.



The SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

YE shepherds, who, blest in your loves,
 live strangers to sorrow and fear,
 O! pity a brother that proves
 the hearr-breaking pangs of despair.
 What boots it my heifers and ewes
 all thriving and pregnant I find?
 Poor blessings, poor comforts are these,
 since Peggy is false and unkind.

Bear witness, each fountain and vale,
 bear witness, each garden and grove,
 How oft she has heard my fond tale,
 and smil'd on the suit of my love.
 But, oh cruel change that I find,
 the gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the North's chilling wind,
 that blasts the young buds of the year.
 Range wildly my flocks and my herds,
 begone from your master poor Tray;
 My pipe shall no more wake the birds,
 I'll break it, and fling it away.
 Some desert all barren and black,
 shall shield me from ev'ry eye;
 There Peggy, I'll weep for thy sake,
 I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.

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 JOHN UPROAR'S CHANT.

COME all you gallant heroes bold,
 that's willing to take on,
 Now, brave boys, you hear the sound,
 and beating of my drum;
 To the Roman Reg'ment now repair,
 Where you may all your Padercens wear.
 Tol lol, &c.

Sergeant dear, we hear great news
 in our north country,
 The Bostonian's are stout and true,
 and fight most manfully;

Their rights they're willing to maintain,
Or by the sword or gun be slain. Tol, &c.

Our land and livings we left behind,
in the sweet North Country,
By speeches that were sweet and kind,
to inherit America;

But, my friends, you see, 'tis all a hum,
The father fights against the son. Tol, &c.

Many a brave, gallant hearty blade,
lies scatt' red on the field;

The Bostonians are not afraid,
you see they will not yield;

They are two thousand thousand strong,
To fight against the Englishmen. Tol, &c.

Our soldiers, sailors, and marines,
perhaps might show them play:

Dear sergeant, that I'll not believe,
for still they bear the sway;

For ten to one they have cut down,
So nobly by their sword and gun. Tol, &c.

From uncle Tom, this latter came,
to tell me of the news,

And, sergeant, if you'll believe the same,
old Britain they confuse.

If with you, sergeant, I take on,
'Gainst friends I ne'er will fire a gun.

Tol tol, &c. O JU 52

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